

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a hene with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agritation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gresery married a young girl at Springfield white attending college and then descrited her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. Fran declares the secretary must go. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home. Abbott, while taking a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran on a bridge telling her fortune by cards. She tells Abbott that she is the famous lion tamer. Fran Nonparell. She tired of circus life and sought a home. Grace delie Gregory she intends to marry Clinton and quit his service. He declares that he cannot continue his work without her. Carried away by passion, he takes her in his arms. Fran walks in on them, and declares that Grace must have the house at once. To Gregory's constanation he learne of Clinton's mission to Springfield. Clinton returns from Springfield and, at Fran's request. Abbott urges him not to discuss what he has learned. On Abbott's a CHAPTER XXIII .- Continued.

He met her eyes unfalteringly. "It's already nine o'clock," he said with sinthirty.

Then he disappeared in the crowd. Then, to her amazement, she beheld Hamilton Gregory stumbling toward her, looking neither to right nor left, seeing none but her-Hamilton Gregory at a show! Hamilton Gregory here, of all places, his eyes wide, his head thrown back as if to bare his face to her startled gaze.

"Fran!" cried Gregory, thrusting furth his arms to take her hands. "Fran! Even now, the bars divide us But oh, I am so glad, so glad-and God answered my prayer and saved you, Fran-my daughter!"

### CHAPTER XXIV.

Near the Sky. It was half-past nine when Abbott met Fran, according to appointment ore the Snake Den. From her hands she had removed the color of Italy, and from her body, the glittering raiment of La Contretti.

Fran came up to the young man from out the crowded street, all quivering excitement. In contrast with the pulsing life that ceaselessly changed her face, as from reflections of dancing light-points, his composure showed almost grotesque.

"Here I am," she panted, shooting a quissical glance at his face, "are you ready for me? Come on, then, and I'll show you the very place for us." Abbott inquired serenely: "Down there in the Den?

"No," she returned, "not in the Den. You're no Daniel, if I am a Charmer. No dens for us." "Nor lion cages?" inquired Abbott,

still inscrutable; "never again?" Never again," came her response

"Let's take a ride," she said, a little tremulously, "Won't need tickets. Bill, stop the wheel; I want to go right up. This is a friend of mine-Mr. Ashton. And Abbott, this is an older friend than you-Mr. Bill Smookins."

LEGEND OF GARDEN OF EDEN through the surrounding islands and the main land. This has never been authentically established, however, Driental Christians Believe Banana and some authorities include the ban-Tree Was the Source of Good and Evil. ana among the articles that formed the base of food supply of the Incas serving time and energy in the doing

and the Aztecs before the arrival of of the daily household tasks are the the Spaniards. Certain it is that throughout the whole meridional America there is a stance, she says, always have the strong tradition that at least two species of the plantain were cultivated long before the coming of the Eurocame ashamed of their nakedness, peans. Furthermore, it is singular they covered themselves with the that in all the languages indigenous to the region where the banana appears, the plant has a special name, The origin of the banana is given as India, at the foot of the Himalayas, not proceeding from the conquerors where it has been cultivated since reas was the case with the names of

many other plants, animals and various articles introduced into America after its discovery. Grown over the entire extent of the meridian of the earth, the fruit of the banana today forms in large part the deal isn't square. principal food of a majority of the peoples living under the tropical zone.

The dead are soon forgotten-and Dorringo, whence its spread was rapid | so are a lot of us who are alive.



Mr. Bill Smookins was an exceed ngly hard-featured man, of no recognizable age. Externally, he was blue overalls and greasy tar. Abbott grasped Bill's hand, and in-

quired about business. "Awful pore, sense Fran lef" the

weather-beaten face wide open. Fran beamed. "Mr. Smookins knew my mother-didn't you, Bill? He way

awful good to me/when I was a kit. to-poor Miss Sapphira, she can't Mr. Smookins was a Human Nymph in those days, and he smoked and talked, criers, getting closer, and the whistle wicked as that, he only meant to do he did, right down under the waterremember, Bill? That was sure-enough squawky kind. See my element, Abwater-oh, he's a sure-enough Bill, let bott, the air I've breathed all my lifeme tell you!" Bill intimated as he slowed down

the engine, that the rheumatism he we're riding through . . . pretty had acquired under the water, was sure-enough rheumatism-hence his change of occupation. "I was strong enough to be a Human Nymph," he explained, "but not endurable. Nobody can't last many years as a Human Nymph."

Abbott indicated his companion-'Here's one that'll last my time." The wheel stopped. He and Fran

were barred into a seat. "And now," Fran exclaimed, "it's all ups and downs, just like a moving picture of life. Why don't you say some thing, Mr. Ashton? But no, you can keep still-I'm excited to death, and wouldn't hear you anyway. I want to do all the talking-I always do, after I've been in the cage. My brain is filled with air so this is the time to be soaring up into the sky, isn't it! What is your brain filled with?-but never mind. We'll be just two balloons-my! aren't you glad we haven't any strings on us-suppose some people had hold!-I, for one, would be willing never to go down again. Where are the clouds?-Wish we could meet a few. See how I'm trembling-always do, after the lions. Now, Abbott, I'll leave a small opening for just one

word-" "I'll steady you," said Abbott, briefly, and he took her hand. She did not appear conscious of his protecting clasp.

went on, breathlessly, "without thinking of that night when it rolled along the pasture as if it wanted to knock us off the foot-bridge for being where we oughtn't. I never could understand why you should stay on that bridge with a perfect stranger, when your duty was to be usher at the camp-meeting! You weren't ushering me, you know, you were holding my hand-I mean, I was holding your hand, as Miss Sapphira says I shouldn't. What poor helpless man-as I'm holding you now, I presume! But I laughed in meeting. People ought to go outdoors to smile, and keep their religion in a house, I guess. I'm going to tell you why I laughed, for you've never guessed, and you've always been afraid to ask-

"Afraid of you. Fran?" "Awfully, I'm going to show you-let go, so I can show you. No, I'm in

earnest-you can have me, afterwards. . . Remember that evangelist? There he stood, waving his hands-as I'm doing now-moving his arms with his eyes fastened upon the congregation-this way-look, Abbott." "Fran! As if I were not already

looking." "Look-just so; not saying a word-

only waving this way and that . And it made me thing of our hypnotizer—the man that waves people into our biggest tent-he seems to pick 'em waved into a church, it won't take reer?" much of a breeze to blow them out. that doesn't mean that I don't believe the church-does it?-do you think?

"You believe in convictions, Fran And since you've come into the church Fran stopped before the Ferris you don't have to say that you believe

"Yes there's nothing on the outside, and oh, sometimes there's so little, so little under the roof-what do you think of me, Abbott?"

Fran, I think you are the most-"But do you!" she interposed, still

want you to talk about yourself. What made you go away from town? But that's not the worst; what made you stay away? And what were you doing show," was the answer, accompanied off there wherever it was, while poor by a grin that threatened to cut the little girls were wondering themselves sick about you? But wait!-the

wheel's going down-down-down. Good thing I have you to hold sounds-I wish we had whistles; the the carnival. Here we are, just above the clouds of confetti. . . . Now

damp, these clouds are, don't you think! Those ribbons of electric lights have been the real world to me. Abbott-they were home. . . No, Bill, we don't want to get out. We intend to ride until you take this wheel

to pieces. And oh, by the way, Billjust stop this wheel, every once in a while, will you?-when we're up at the very tiptop. All right-good-by." And Abbott called gally, "Good-by, Mr. Smookins!"

"I'm glad you did that, Abbott. You think you're somebody, when somebody else thinks so, too. Now we're rising in the world." Fran was so excited that she could not keep her body from quivering. In spite of this, she fastened her eyes upon Abbott to ask, suddenly: "'Most'-what?"

"Most adorable," Abbott answered, as if he had been waiting for the prompting. "Most precious. Most bewitchingly sweet. Most unanswerably and eternally-Fran!"

"And you-" she whispered. "And I," he told her, "am nothing but most wanting-to-be-loved."

"It's so queer," Fran said, plaintively. "You know, Abbott, how long you've fought against me. You know t, and I don't blame you, not in the least. There's nothing about me to make people. . . But even now, how can you think you understand me, when I don't understand myself?"

"I don't," he said, promptly. "I've



"Up, Samson, Up!"

given up trying to understand you. Since then, I've just loved. That's

"What will people think of a superintendent of public schools caring for up bodily and carry them in his arms. a show-girl, even if she is Fran Non-Well! And if the people are to be parell. How would it affect your ca-

"But you have promised never again I don't believe in soul-waving. But to engage in a show, so you are not a show-girl."

"What about my mother who lived and died as a lion-tamer? What will you do about my life-history? I'd never speak to a man who could feel ashamed of my mother. What about my father who has never publicly acknowledged me? I'd not want to have anything to do with a man who -who could be proud of him."

"As to the past, Fran, I have only this to say: Whatever hardships it contained, whatever wrongs or wretch-

Little Lesson in Efficiency.

science of household efficiency com-

ments that the obvious things that

every woman ought to know about con-

ones that seem to make no impression

upon the average household. For in-

draining pan when washing dishes

upon the left of the dishpan. You

naturally wash the dishes with the

right and hold them in the left. Then

set them down on the left without

using energy to reach across the right.

Out of the Dictograph.

some, but it's better yet to hustle

The man with a hand full of trumps

never developed a suspicion that the

Birdie Frizzles feels terribly dis

graced because her mother, as a girl,

and to learn to play "Monastery Bells"

and "Silver Waves" instead of rag-

To think before you speak will help

Sounds sensible, doesn't it?

around and verify your facts.

A woman who has been studying the

unsteadily. "In the superlative? I | edness—it evolved you, you, the Fran don't-see how you can, after that exhi- of today—the Fran of this living bition behind the bars. Anyway, I hour. And it's the Fran of this living hour that I want to marry?" Fran covered her face with her

hands. For a while there was silence, then she said: "Father was there, tonight." "At the lion-show? Impossible! Mr.

Gregory go to a-a-to-a-" "Yes, it is possible for him even to go to a show. But to do him justice, he was forced under the tent, he had come now! Listen at all the street no intention of doing anything so But no, I can't speak of him with bitterness, now. Abbott, he seems all

changed." Abbott murmured, as if stupefied: "Mr. Gregory at a show!"

"Yes, and a lion-show. When it was over he came to me-he was so excited-

"So was I," spoke up the other-'rather!"

"You didn't show it. I thought maybe you wouldn't care if I had been eaten up. . . No, no, listen. He wanted to claim me-he called me 'daughter' right there before the people, but they thought it was just a sort of-of church name. But he was wonderfully moved. I left the tent with him, and we had a long talk-I came from him to you. I never saw anybody so changed."

"But why?" "You see, he thought I was going to be killed right there before his eyes, and seeing it with his very own eyes made him feel responsible. He told me, afterwards, that when he found out who it was in the cage, he thought of mother in a different way-he saw how his desertion had driven her to earning her living with showmen, so I

changed man." "Then will he acknowledge you?-

but no, no . "You see? He can't, on account of Mrs. Gregory. There's no future for business, so that must be his excuse him, or for her, except to go on living as man and wife-without the secrebe. Grace Noir has found it all out-" "Then she will tell!" Abbott ex-

claimed, in dismay. "She would have told but for one been terribly-well, indiscreet. You the dearest little thing-as dear at can't think of what lengths she was go to Chicago, out of Littleburg history-poor Bob! Remember the night afraid he'll conclude that religion andisn't what he thought it was, living so close to it from now on."

"All this interests me greatly, dear, because it interests you. Still, it doesn't bear upon the main question." "Abbott, you don't know why I went to that show to act. You thought I

was caring for a sick friend. What do you think of such deceptions?" "I think I understand. Simon Jef-

ferson told me of a girl falling from a trapeze; it was possibly La Gonizetti's daughter. Mrs. Jefferson told me that Mrs. Gregory is nursing some one. The same one, I imagine, And La Gonizetti was a friend of yours, and you took her place, so the mother could

stay with the injured daughter.' "You're a wonder, yourself!" declared, dropping her hands to stare somebody." at him. "Yes, that's it. All these! what carnival company they'd have for the street fair, I told him about this show, and that's why it's here. Poor La Gonizetti needs the money dreadfully-for they spend it as rast as it's paid in. The little darling will have to go to a hospital, and there's nothing laid by. The boys all threw in, but they didn't have much, themselves. Nobody has, Everybody's poor in this old world-except you and me. I've taken La Gonizetti's place in the cage all day to keep her from lesing

Large Sums Have Frequently Been

Paid for Articles That May

Would Call Grewsome.

tooth of his hero of more value than

diamonds. There is a ring selonging

to an English nobleman, is which the

place of honor, formerly occupied by

a diamond, is given to a tooth that

This tooth cost no less than three

lars; but it was the tooth of Sir Isaac

Newton. A relie collector sold it at

auction in 1846, and the nobleman

who bought it gave it the place of a

Another tooth, which so far excites

the veneration of hero worshipers as

to be able to hold a court of its own

and to draw from long distances a

small host of followers, is one that

was originally hidden behind the lips

of Victor Hugo. It is kept at his

former residence in a glass case bear-

ing the inscription, "Tooth drawn from

once did duty in a human jaw.

diamond in his favorite ring.

It is not every man, not every hero



don't know whether I'd have promised you or not. Samson was pretty good, but that mask annoyed him. So you see but honestly, Abbott, doesn't all this make you feel just a wee bit different about me?" "It makes me want to kies you,

Fran." "It makes you"—she gasped—"want to do-that? Why, Abbott! Nothing can save you.'

"I'm afraid not," he agreed. The car was swinging at the highest reach of the wheel. The engine stopped.

She opened her eyes very wide. "Td think you'd be afraid of such a worldfamous lion-trainer," she declared. some little thing like running away. drawing back. "Some have been, \$ assure you."

"I'm not afraid," Abbott declared, drawing her toward him. He would have kissed her, but she covered her face with her hands and bent her head instinctively

"Up!" cried Abbott. "Up, Samson,

Fran laughed hilarlously, and lifted her head. She looked at him through her fingers. Her face was a garden of of details to general effects, the inblush-roses. She pretended to roar stinctive feeling for color, the sound but the result was not terrifying; then grouping, the constant presence of a she obediently held up her mouth.

somewhat indistinctly, "you haven't between the Westphalian plain and told why you ran away to leave poor the foothills of the Alps, but in every Fran guessing where you'd gone. Do you know how I love you. Abbott?" "I think I know."

It was a good while later that Abbott said: "As to why I left Littleburg: Bob knew of a private school that has just been incorporated as a college. A teacher's needed, one with ideas of the new education-the education that teaches us how to make ly appalling. books useful to life, and not life to books-the education that teaches happiness as well as words and figures; just the kind that you didn't find at my school, little rebel! Bob was an could be supported. All in all, he is a old chum of the man who owns the property so he recommended me, and I went. It's a great chance, a magnificent opening. The man was so pleased with the way I talked-he's new to the

-that I am to be the president." Fran's voice came rather faintlytary. He imagines it would be a sort "Hurrah! But you are to be far, far of reparation to present me to the above my reach, just as I prophesied hter, he thinks it Don't you remember what I said to would give him happiness-but it can't you during our drive through Sur-

Enough Country?" "And that isn't all," said Abbott looking straight before him, and protending that he had not heard. thing. She doesn't dare, and it's on that town—Tahlelah, Okla.,—I disco her own account—of course. She has ered, out in the suburbs, a cottage-

as Mr. Smookins; just big willing to go-not from coldly making enough for a girl like Fran. I rented up her mind, but because she lost grip it at once-of course, it oughn't to be on herself, from always thinking she standing there idle—there's such a couldn't. So she went away with Bob fragrant flower garden-I spent some Clinton—she'll marry him, and they'll time arranging the grounds as I think you'll like them. I didn't furnish the cottage, though. Women always like he was trying to get religion? I'm to select their own carpets and things,

Fran's face was a dimpled sea of pink and crimson waves, with starry lights in her black eyes for signal lights. "Oh, you king of hearts!" she exclaimed. "And shall we have church wedding, and just kill 'em?"

Abbott laughed boyishly. "No-you must remember that your connection with show-life is at an end."

/But-and then-and so," cried Fran rapturously, "I'm to have a home after all, with flower gardens and carpets and things-a sure-enough home-Abbott, a home with you! Don't you know, it's been the dream of my life to-to-"

Abbott was inexpressibly touched "Yes, I was just thinking of what I Fran peard you say, once—to belong to

Fran slipped her arms about his show-people are friends of mine (neck. "And what a somebody! To be-When the mayor was trying to decide long to you. And to know that my

home is our home. . . . Abbott, with a sober sense of he unworthiness, embraced her silently. From far below came a sudden sound, making its way through the continuity of the street-uproar. It was the chugging of the engine.

The wheel began to revolve. Down they came-down-down-Fran looked up at the moon. "Good by," she called, gaily. "The world be good enough for me!"

(THE END.)

VALUE OUEER RELICS HIGHLY on Wednesday, August 11, 1871, in the gardens attached to the house of Madame Koch, at three o'clock in the afternoon.'

The wig of a literary man appears to have been even more sought after worshiper, who would esteem the than his teeth. That which Sterne wore while writing "Tristram Shandy" was sold soon after the writer's death for ten thousand dollars; and the favorite chair of Alexander Pope

brought five thousand dollars. The most extravagant instance of literary hero worship is that of a wellthousand six hundred and fifty dol- known Englishman, who constantly wears a small locket attached to a chain round his neck a part of the charred skull of Shelley.-The Sunday Magazine.

The Gallant Judge-The lady from whom stole a kiss declares herself ready to waive her demand for punishment if you will ask her pardon and express your regret for what has happened. Gentlemen (to the offended lady)-Yes, I am willing to beg your pardon. But to regret that I gave you the kizh. the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist | dear madam, that I cannot!



VILLAGES LACKING IN CHARM

Writer Compares Them With Those of France and Germany to Their Disadvantage.

The average American has no eye for harmonious effect, no appreciation of beauty for its own sake; and in none of the arts is this lack so svident as in architecture, says H. L. Mencken in the Smart Set. No distinctively American style has

arisen, and the average American home remains as ugly and as undistinguished as a Zulu kraal. In its essence, it is simply a square box. And from that archetype it proceeds upward, not through degrees of beauty, but through degrees of hideousness. The more it is plastered with ornsment, the more vulgar and forbidding it becomes. The more it is adorned with color, the more that color becomes a sadness, a debauch, a public indenecy. Take a train ride through any American state and you will be sickened by the chaotic ugliness of the flitting villages-houses sprawling and shapeless, green shutters upon yellow churches, a huge advertising sign upon every flat wall, an intolerable effect of carelessness, ignorance, squalor, bad taste and downright viciousness. But make the same sort of journey through France or Germany -say from Bremen to Munich or from Paris to Lyons-or through Austria or Italy or Switzerland, and you will be charmed by the beautiful harmony visible on all sides the subordination tradition and a style. The design of "After all," said Fran, speaking the peasant houses changes 20 times change there is a subtle reflection of the physical expression of human aspiration, wordly estate and character. I don't know any ugly villages between Bremen and Munich, nor even a village without its distinction, its special beauty, its individual charm. But I don't know of a village between Washington and Chicago that is not frank-

## ALL AGAINST THE BILLBOARD

Agitation for its Elimination Has Now Become Almost National in Its Scope.

The campaign against billboards is so well-nigh universal that it may be said to be national in its scope. In several states this nuisance is rapidly coming under conditions that promise either total elimination or a considerable degree of control. Locally the question is a live one, and with an educative campaign ever before us we may hope to see the day when billboards will be legislated out of existence in California. In doing this it would be just to grant those in the business six months or a year in which to retire their blots upon our fairest landscapes. Such action is always taken in response to a general public demand, and when so many of our people have expressed themselves against this nuisance shrewd advertisers will conclude that local advertising on billboards does not pay. Keep up the agitation; it pays.-Los Angeles Times.

Chinese Dread of Milk. A Chinese has the same dread of milk that an American has of oysters out of season. Several evenings ago a Chinese dignitary, who had just come into the country to study educational institutions, was taking dinner with a widely known educator. He ate freely of the American dishes until it came to the last course. Looking at the ice cream dubiously for some time, he finally took a mouthful. It must have given him a pleasurable sensation-this first taste of ice cream-for he smiled pleasantly at his host. Suddenly another Chinese, who was present and who had not taken any of the desert, spoke quickly to him a single Chinese word. In an instant the dignitary spat out his mouthful on his plate, much to the consternation of everyone at the table. What did you say?" inquired the host of the Chinese who had spoken. "I said 'milk,' " was the stoical reply.

Esthetic Billboards.

Travelers in the smaller towns and cities of this country are painfully edified by the contrast in them between the material plenty and the intellectual poverty. There is more than enough money. Yet the town has managed to build itself in exactly the ugliest way. Perhaps it would have cost less to make the street prettier. But nobody cared; that was evident. A community which will not tolerate bad grammar on the billboards, if educated in esthetics as in letters, would cease to tolerate the billboards. Or (who knows?) they might let the billboards remain and cause them to be made beautiful!-Boston Transcript.

Recent experiments have proved moths and other insects to be capable of thought transferrence so far-reach ing as to impress their fellows miles away with a knowledge of their

whereabouts Passing It On. "I'm not one of these follows who

kisses and tells," said the summer man. "Oh, I don't mind your mentioning

it to any nice friends of yours, who are coming down to the beach," said the summer girl.

Woes of Women. "Will men's calumnies never cease"

"How now, iphigenia?" "Now that we are holding office they say that a woman can't lay a corner stone straight

# You never tasved daintier, lighter, finher biscuits than those baked with Calumet They're always good — delicious. For Calumet insures perfect baking. Ad's Pure Food ET BAKING POWDER CO

# You don't save money when you buy cheap or b baking powder. Don't he misled. Buy Calumet more economical—more wholesame—gives best r Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda. You Can Buy The Best Irrigated Land

In Southern Idaho For \$50.50 an Acre

Good Soll Fine Climate Crops Never Fall

Especially adapted to the raising of alfalfa, grains, potatoes and fruits. Ideal for dairying and stock raising.

On main line Oregon Short Line Railroad. Lands surround Richfield, Dietrich, Shoshone and Gooding in Lincoln and Gooding Counties. 20,000 acres open to entry, THE BEST WATER RIGHT IN THE WEST AND TERMS OF PAYMENT ARE THE EASIEST OFFERED BY ANY IRRIGATION COMPANY. GATION COMPANY.

Let us tell you more. Your letter will have individual attention. Address Idaho Irrigation Co., Ltd.

Relief for Alaskan Miners. As an encouragement to further prospecting and mining in the new gold field near the boundary line between Alaska and Yukon territory the American customs officials have decided not to establish a customs house there for one year, believing that the miners have already undergone hardships enough in getting their outfits there without having to pay duties.

Too Costly. "I absolutely don't know what to give my cook for a wedding present." "Then simply give her money." "Oh, no! It musn't cost as much as that."-Ulk.

Woodpecker's Waterloo. "That woodpecker may be persistent, but I think he's beaten this time." "What is he trying to do?" "Drill a hole in an iron trolley pole."

Nothing equals Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops for Bronchial weakness, sore chests, and throat troubles—5c at all Druggists.

The man who relies on his pull to get him into heaven had better begin to practice shoveling coal.

Mrs. Winslow's Southing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind coite, 25c a bottle-lay

Greece annually produces over 21,-000,000 pounds of tobacco.

Lucky is the chaperon who has eves that see not and ears that hear not.

Foley Kidney Pills Relieve promptly the suffering due to weak, in-active kidneys and painful bladder action. They offer a powerful help to nature in building up the true excreting kidney tissue, in restoring normal action and in regulating bladder irregularities.

PISO'S REMEDY Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUCHS AND COLDS

#### There exists a legend relative to the Christian inhabitants of the east that they believe the banana to be the tree of the source of good and evil, in a bunch of the fruit of which the serpent that tempted Eve hid itself, and they add that when Adam and Eve be-

totest antiquity, says the National

the new world is as doubtful as the

origin of the American Indian. Na-

tural to Asia and Africa, where more

than twenty distinct species of the genus are known, it is said to have

een brought first to America from

Spain, early in the sixteenth century,

and planted in the Island of Santo

ographic Magazine. Its origin in

leaves of this plant.